

the last struggle before yielding to Christ.

Suddenly in the midst of his mad career, Saul is met by the Christ whom he had been persecuting. Overwhelmed and humbled by the glory of the divine Person, convinced that Jesus is truly the Son of God, the Messiah, Saul yields, forsakes his sin, trusts himself to Christ and is transformed from the persecutor into the disciple. From henceforth his whole life expresses the question which sprang from his heart and lips when first he recognized Christ: "What shall I do, Lord?" Fitting question to be the guide and inspiration of our lives!

So remarkable was the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, that it has stood for eighteen centuries as one of the strong defenses of Christianity. One hundred and fifty years ago, Lord Lyttleton, a skeptic, undertook to write an infidel book on the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. His studies convinced him of the reality of that conversion and of the truth of the Gospel. In place of his infidel book, he gave to the world a strong defense of Christianity called "Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul."

Magnify the greatness of God's power and grace which is able to produce such spiritual results. It is as if a torrent, rushing down a valley, destroying homes and lives, were suddenly checked in its fury and made to flow on peacefully, refreshing and enriching the places which a moment before it had been devastating.

Turlock, Calif.

S. S. O. E. LETTER.

LAURA E. N. GROSSNICKLE.

Dear Sisters of the Endeavor:—Since I talked to you last, through the columns of the EVANGELIST, I have visited the Pacific Coast, and attended the great International Christian Convention at San Francisco. I had long desired to visit the golden west, but there were so many unfavorable circumstances, that I hardly dared to hope that I might go this summer. Sister Minnie volunteered to take my place in the home for a few weeks, so at the last moment I hastily packed my grip, and Wednesday morning, June, 30, found me en route for Chicago. There I was joined Thursday afternoon by brother David Augustine and wife and sister Grace Kline of South Bend, Ind., and at 8 P. M. we were "all aboard," and speeding away toward the far west. What a long ride it was, but how enjoyable. Friday noon we reached Kansas City, and soon by way of the Missouri Pacific, we were crossing the great prairies of western Kansas, where sometimes for miles there was not a sign of animal life except the jack rabbits with their great ears, the little prairie

dogs, standing erect, as though on tip-toe to see us go by, and a few birds. Almost the only vegetation was the dry prairie grass, with bunches of cactus here and there. A little farther west we found the sage brush in abundance, and then the grease-wood. For miles and miles and miles it was just the same, one vast level stretch, but to one who had lived among hills and mountains, it was so novel, that it was long before we tired of it. For the first time, we saw the wonderful mirage, so incomprehensible to us when studying geography. It looked so real that we could hardly believe we did not see a beautiful lake in the distance, but we felt the truth of Longfellow's words, "Things are not what they seem." Friday evening we passed through slightly rolling land, and O what a beautiful sunset we enjoyed,—the sun a great red ball surrounded by purple clouds edged with gold. Among our number, for we were all as one family in our car, was one who could not enjoy these beauties as we did. Almost totally blind, only able to distinguish light from darkness, she found her joy in listening to others praising the beauties we saw. But there was such a deep sweet peace within, such a calm, holy trust, such loving appreciation of every kindness, that we felt that her heart, was not less full of real joy than ours.

Saturday evening about four, we reached Pueblo, Col., and after a short breathing space were speeding westward again. The sun sank away from our sight early that evening for we were at the foot of the Rockies. In the beautiful twilight, one of the officials announced, "We will soon enter the Royal Gorge, and cross the swinging bridge, after which the train will stop for a few minutes to allow all the passengers to get off and see the canon and bridge." What a magnificent scene it was,—great rocks towering toward the sky on either side of us, some places overhanging the road bed, while at our feet were the waters of the Eagle river, rushing, rolling, sporting, speeding away. At one place the rocks on either side were so near that a road bed could not be made by the side of the stream. Into these rocks, holes were drilled, and heavy irons, spanning the space across the river bed were fitted into these. From these irons swung a bridge over which more than fifty trains of Endeavorers had preceded us on their way to San Francisco.

Soon the cry "All aboard," hurried us into the cars, and in a few moments we were speeding around curves at such a rapid rate, that our hearts would have trembled had it not been for the Everlasting Arms we knew were beneath us. We placed ourselves in our Father's care, and

we knew that He was "able to keep that which we had committed unto Him." Until darkness gathered about us, we continued to gaze on the wonderful canon through which we were passing, and one lady wished she had a larger stock of descriptive adjectives at her command, as those in her vocabulary were insufficient for the occasion. "How wonderful are thy works, O Lord."

Sunday morning at sunrise we reached Tennessee Pass, the highest point of the Rockies over which we would pass. Stopping for a little while, we gathered flowers and pretty stones as souvenirs of the place. All day long we travelled, but kept in mind that it was the Lord's day. Deprived of sanctuary privileges, we at least enjoyed a little praise service, singing hymns, and reading our Bibles. Early Monday morning we reached Salt Lake City, and found the city full of Endeavorers. Everywhere were C. E. decorations. The great Mormon Tabernacle, accommodating more than nine thousand people had been thrown open on Sunday, and a stirring C. E. rally held within its walls. We, too, were to have been there to enjoy it, but our train failed to reach that city until Monday morning. However, we were permitted to enter the Tabernacle, witness for ourselves its wonderful acoustic properties, and see its magnificent organ. Passing from the Tabernacle, our eyes rested upon the magnificent Temple the great ecclesiastical center of Mormonism, but no Gentile, and many Mormons never enter there. We saw also the great Tithe House, the Bee-hive, where several of Brigham Young's wives once lived, the mansion of Amelia, his favorite wife, and also the spot where rest the remains of the great Mormon. His tomb is said to have been forty feet deep, while just over the sarcophagus, iron bars were cemented into the walls to prevent removal of the body. A large stone, about six by nine feet, with no inscription, covered the tomb, an iron fence enclosing it. By his side to the right lay three or four deceased wives. Returning to our train, and finding we would not leave the city until evening, we took a car and ran out to see beautiful Salt Lake, and took a dip into its briny waters.

About five o'clock we bade farewell to Salt Lake City, and turned our faces west again, but now our progress was very slow. Running about thirty miles, we found the way blocked by other trains, and we lay all night on a side track, one mile from Ogden. In the morning, we ran into the city, but our car needed some repairs, and we remained there until evening. Slowly we crossed the Great American Desert. Thursday afternoon, we rode